PRUITS OF THE TROPICS.

BY MRS. DENISON.

Vallow benames mottled with brown. Lustred with pearly dew, Lay the fair rind with a benison down, Marking its shining bue,

Lined with a delicate, creamy fur. See how the hand of God, Gives richer treasures than gold and myrrh Unto the bursting sod. Oranges! oranges! fresh as the day.

Rest in the garden's range, With the tinge of amber melting away Into a richer change; With tiny is ands of yellow mould, Peeping from rich sea-green, And a cunning network of red and gold

Covering all between. Open the fragrant peel-the cells Are bursting with luscious wine, Drink deep of the nectar that never tells The mournful tale of the vine. Its bright robes tinted with royal red.

And the salmon's glowing dyes, I think by the crown on the pineapple's head. Twas the king fruit of paradisc. How luscious its juicy flavors are! Born under a trople sun,

With never the breath of frost to mar, Or the cold Bast wind to shun; On the rich man's princely board 'tis spread. In the clime of the Northern cold, But here, by the poor man's "daily bread," Shines the pine fruit's rim of gold. O Summer land with your skies of blue, Your forests of wealth untold, With your wonder blossoms of fadeless hue, And veins of untrodden gold, Though wealth may value your canebrake

more. Be the triune of nectar mine In the fairest fruits of your Indian shore, The orange, banana and pine. WASHINGTON, D. C.

MR. ROOSTER.

The Way Hasty Pripe Lost Him His Din

The following is from "A Rainy Day with Uncle Remus," by Joel Chandler Harris, in the Midsummer Scribner:

The afternoon wore on and the rain continued to fall. In some mysterious way, as it seemed to the little bey, the gloom of twilight fastened itself upon the dusky clouds, and the great trees without, and the dismal perspective be-yond, gradually became one with the darkness. Uncle Remus had thoughtfully placed a tin pan under a leak in the and the drip-drip-drip of the water as it fell in the resonant vessel, made a not unmusical accompaniment to the

The old man fumbled around under his bed and presently dragged forth a large bag filled with light wood knots, which, with an instinctive economy in this particular direction, he had stored away for an emergency. A bright but flickering flame was the result of this timely discovery, and the effect it pro-duced was quite in keeping with all the surroundings. The rain, and wind, and darkness held sway without, while with-in, the unsteady lightwood blaze seemed to rhyme with the drip-drip-drip in the pan. Sometimes the shadow of Uncle Remus, as he leaned over the hearth. would tower and fill the cabin, and again it would fade and disappear among the swaying and swinging cobwebs that curtained the rafters.

W'en bed time come, honey," said Uncle Remus, in a soothing tone, I'll des snatch down yo' pa buggy umbrell' fum up dar in the cornder, en I'll take'n you und' my arm en set you down on Miss Sally h'a'th des ez dry en ez wom

ez a rat'nes' inside a fodder stack."

At this juncture, 'Tildy, the house girl, rushed in out of the rain and darks with a water-proof cloak and an umbrella, and announced her mission to the little boy without taking time to catch her breath.

"Miss Sally say you gotter come right 'long,' she exclaimed. "Kaze she skeered lightnin' gwine strike 'roun' in yer 'mongs' dese high trees some r's." Uncle Remus rose from his stooping posture in front of the hearth and as

sumed a theatening atittude. "Well, is anybody year de beat er dat!" was his exclamation. 'Look yer, gal! don't you come foolin' 'lodger me now, don't you do it. Kaze ef you does, I'll take'n hit you a clip w'at'll put you ter bed 'fo' bed-time comes. Dat's

'Lawdy! w'at I done gope en done te Unk' Remus now?" asked 'Tildy, with a great affectation of innocent igno-

"I'm gwineter put on my coat en take dat ar umbrell,' en I'm gwine right straight up ter de big house en ax Miss Sally ef she sont dat kinder wud down yer, w'en she knew dat chile sittin' yere onger me. I'm gwineter ax her," continued Uncle Remus, "en ef she aint sont dat wud, den I'm gwineter fetch myse'f back. Now, you des watch my

"Well, I year Miss Sally say she feared lightnin' gwineter strike som'rs on de place," said Tildy, in a tone which manifested her willingness to compromise all differences, "en den I 'er kin I come down yer, en den she say I better bring deze yer cloak and pairasol.

"Now you dun brung um." responded Uncle Remus," you des put 'em in dat cheer ober dar, en take yo'se'f off. Thuaner's mighty apt ter hit close ter whar deze yer slick headed niggers is." But the little boy finally prevailed on

at night when it was raining.
"Dat dey duz," responded Uncle Remus. "Wet er dry, dey flops der wings en wakes up all de neighbors. Law bless my soul!" he exclaimed suddenly, "w'at make I done gone en fergit 'bout

Mr. Rooster!"

"What about him?" inquired the lit-"One time, way back yunder," said Uncle Remus, knocking the ashes off his lands and knees, "dey wuz two plan ations right 'longside er wunner n'er len on bote er leze plantations wuz a nole passelner fowls. Dey wuz neight sociate a dem days, en it tu'n out dat de fowls on one plantation gun

out dat de fowls on one plantation gun a party, wick) dey sont out der invites ter' de fowls on de't'er plantation.

"W'en de day come, Mr. Rooster, he blow his hawn, he did, en 'semble um all tergedder, en atter day 'semble dey got in line. Mr. Rooster, he tuck de head, en atter 'im come ole lady Hen en Miss Pullet, en den dar wuz 17. Pea-fowl, en Mr. Tukkey Gobbler, en Miss Guinny Hen, en Miss Puddle Duck, and all de balance un um. Dey start off all de balance un um. Dey start off sorter raggedy, but twa'n't long 'fo' dey all kotch de step, en den dey march down by the archer of the dey march down by the spring, up thoo the hoss-lot on 'cross by de gin house, en 'twa'n't long 'fo' dey git ter whar de frolic

"Dey dance, and dey play, en dey sing. Mo' speshually did dey play en sing dat ar song w'ich it run on like

"'Come under, come under, My honey, my love, my own true love: My heart bin a-weepin' Way down in Gallice."

"Dey wuz gwine on dis away, havin' der 'musement, w'en, bimeby, ole Mr. Peafowl he got on de comb er de barn en blow de dinner hawn. Dey all wath der face en han's on de back po'ch, en den dey went in ter dinner. W'en dey git in dar, dey don't see nothin' on de table but a great big pile er corn-bread.

Better be without shoes, than sit with wet feet;
Children if healthy, are active, not still;
Damp beds and damp clothes will both make De pones was pile up on pones, en on de top wuz great big ash-cake. Mr. Rooster, he look at dis en he tu'n up the distance with out he his nose, en bimeby, after w'ile, out he strut. Ole Miss Guinny Hen, she watchin' Mr. Rooster motions, en w'en she see dis, she take'n' squall out, she did: "Pot-rack! Pot-rack! Mr. Rooster gone back! Pot-rack! Pot-rack! Mr. Rooster gone back!" "Wid dat dey all make a great ter-do.

Miss Hen en Miss Pullet, dey cackle en squall, Mr. Gobbler, he gobble, en Miss Puddle Duck she shake er tail en say quickity-quack. But Mr. Rooster, he uffle up his cape, en march on out.

"Dis sorter put a damper on de yuthers, but 'fo' Mr. Rooster git outer sight en year's' dey went ter wuk on de pile w'at was pariently co'n-brend, en. lo en beholes, un'need dem pone er bread wuz a whole pessel er meat en greens, en bake' taters an bile' turnips.
Brer Rooster, he year de ladies makin'
great 'mirations, en he stop en look
thoo de crack, en dar he see all de doin's en fixin's. He feel mighty bad, Mr. Rooster did, w'en he see all dis. en de yuther fowls dey holler en axt 'im fer er come back, en his craw, likewise, it up'n an 'im, but he mighty biggitty en stuck up, en he strut off, crowin' ez he go; but de 'spence er dat time done las' him en all er his fambly down ter dis day. En you neenter take my wud for t, ner, kaze ef you'll des keep yo' eye open en watch, you'll kitch a glimpse er old Mr. Rooster folks seratchin' whar dey specks ter fine der rations, en morn't dat, devil scratch wid der rations in plain sight. Sence dat time, dev ain't none er de Mr. Roosters bin fool by dat w'at dey see on top. Dey aint res' twel dey see w't und' dar. Dey'll scratch spite er all creation."

"Dat's de Lord's truth!" said 'Tildy,

with unction. "I done seed um wid my own eyes. Dat I is." This was 'Tildy's method of renewing peaceful relations with Uucle Remus, but the old man was disposed to resist

the attempt.
"You better be up yander washin' up dishes, stidder hoppin' down yer wid er whole packet er stuff w'at Miss Sally ain't dreamp er savin'.

A PHILADELPHIA SENSATION.

Alleged Appearance of the Virgin Mary to a Young Woman.

A great sensation has been caused among Roman Catholic people in West Philadelphia by the alleged appearance of the Virgin Mary, first to Mary Agnes Dunn, a girl 18 years of age who has been blind twelve years, then the girl's family, and finally to a crowd of visi-tors. Mary's father, A. J. Dunn, keeps a small grocery store at 4058 Market street. His daughter lost her sight from scarlet fever, when about six years of age, and four or five years ago ripate, though she has been able to do all the best.

kinds of housework. Two weeks ago she was seized with a severe attack of for hanging baskets. It is called here Lincoln's funeral cortage from the Naliquid food. The only indications she to a large red berry. gave of consciousness during this period was on one occasion when the family physician, Dr. Hughes, was present when she suddenly began to sing, and sang a long hymn. The doctor, how-ever, was convinced that the singing was involuntary, and the girl entirely unconscious all the time. Since that time the girl has been in a very weak condition. Three Sundays ago she told her parents that she expected to see the Virgin Mary that evening, and a crowd of sympathizing Catholic neighbors visited the house to see if her expectation would be realized. As midnight approached Mary began to pray fervently, and presently, so her father says, a halo of light appeared on the white-washed wall of her room, and soon after a woman's figure, about a foot high, clothed in white garments, and attended by two kneeling angels, was clearly portraved. A crown glittering with golden rays was on the head of the figure, and suspended above it was a crucilix. This was not the first time the girl claimed to have seen the vision, but it was the first time it was seen by others. A number of witnesses declare they saw saw it since that night. Mary and the family have seen similar visions three or four times but, by the doctor's orders, visitors have been excluded. The girl was found to-night lying in a bed in

a whitewashed room, communicating by a door with another room in which stood an alter, while several religious pictures hung on the wall. It is in the atter room that the visions appear. Mary has a pale, but otherwis face, with rounded and dimpled cheeks and soft brown hair. She was allowed to say very little, but asserted her the old man to let 'Tildy remain, and after a while he put matters on a peace footing by inquiring if roosters crowed objects dimly. She could see the reporter standing at the foot of her bed. Mrs. McLaughlan, Mrs. McCloskey, Mrs. Buckley, and several other deighbors of the family all claim to have seen the vision, and all describe it very lear-ly alike, but Dr. Hughes discredits tem entirely, and says "the girl is in a pm plete state of hysteria, and is liably to imagine anything. As to the testimony of the other persons, I suppose it is something similar to the Loudes and Knock traditions. It is possible that superstitious piety evoked by the utterances of the girl, a stray moon-bown, or a ray from the lamp falling on the lines of whitewash on the wall and p enty of imagination may account for the vision. I know the family to be perfectbut do not think it possible that the girl could recover her sight, for one eye is totally destroyed, and the other has

> was also visited, but declined to express an opinion. It is hard to personate and act a part long, for where truth is not at the bottom nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray itself one time or another.

no pupil, while the iris is badly deform-

Father O'Neil, the girl's pastor,

If self be denied for the good of others, we receive immediately more than we can bestow we have as many fountains of happiness as there are years and lives to whose hearts we minister.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSE-HOLD.

SOME ALPHABETICAL HINTS ON YOUR HEALTH.

As soon as you are up, shake blankets and sheet;

you ill;

Eat slowly, and always chew your food well; Preshen the air in the house where you dwell; Garments must never be made to be tight; Iffomes will be healthy if airy and light; If you wish to be well, as you do, I've

doubt. Just open the window before you go out; Beep your rooms always tidy and clean, Let dust on the furniture never be seen;

Much illness is caused by the want of pu air: Now to open your windows be ever your care Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;

People should see that their floors are well swept. Quick movements in children are healthy an

light. See that the cistern is clean to the brim; Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim:

Use your nose to find out if there be a bad Very sad are the fevers that come in its train. Walk as much as you can without feeling fa-

tigue. Xerxes could walk for full many a league. Your health is your wealth, which your wis lom must keep.

Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will resp.

Fun at Home.

The Housekeeper. Do not be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Do not shut up your houses lest the sun should fade laugh should shake down a few of the musty old cobwebs that are hanging there. not find it at their own hearthstones, they will seek it at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire make the homestead delightful with spirits of your children. Halfan hour's of a home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safe-guard that they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of the bright little home sanctum.

Geraniums.

granted, as a good many of my neightured the ball of one eye by striking it bors do, that so long as you see the colagainst the edge of a chair, notwith-or of the flowers, the bruches will be standing which she now sees ordinary pretty much of a size. Rest assured objects dimly, and claims to see the apparition of the Virgin distinctly. As more or less forced, and that they will might be supposed, she is quite illiter not do quite as well for you. So buy

ciphtheria, followed by cerebro spinal meningitis, and after several severe convulsions, lay for more than a week in a trance-like stupor, from which she was arroused with difficulty to take a little throws out a white blossom which turns arroused. It grows the garden strawberry, several several severe constitued to the last resting place to the last resting place beneath the shade of Oak Ridge. Mr. Powell took charge of the room known as the Lincoln Memorial, located in the same as you do, enjoy it the same, and when through tell the man he must

How Glucose is Made.

As the manufacture of glucose has now become so extensive that every person is familiar with the name, and more or less interested in the subject, we quote the following description of its

manufacture from the Scientific Record: "The shelled corn is soaked in hot water for a period ranging from a day and a half to five days, if it is not to be fermented, the water is changed when begins to sour; it is then ground with the ordinary burr stones, and with a stream of water running into the hopper with the corn. The mixture is then un on fine, vibratory sieves, with more water added; the finer, starchy part of the corn is washed through the sieves, while the hull, gluten and woody fiber goes over the tail of the sieves, and af ter the water is squeezed from it by rollers is sold for feed. The portion that went through the sieves is run into tanks and settled; the water is then drawn off, and the sediment again mixed with clean water and treated with alkali (caustic soda.) to separate any trace of gluten from the starchy matter. It is next run into long, metal-lined troughs or vats, about eight inches deep, from three to fifteen inches wide, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet long; these descend slightly, and most of the water runs off at the lower end, leaving the sediment at the bottom. The sediment is left to settle and dry somewhat, and is then shoveled out, and known as green starch, about fifty per cent of it being water. It is now in a condition to be

made either into starch or into glucose. "The 'green starch' is mixed with clean water, making it quite thin, when it is run into large wooden tanks called 'convertors.' in which it is treated with acid—usually sulphurie, but sometimes muriatie or nitrie, or even exalie. The acid causes the starch to take up the elements by which it is converted into glucose; but the acid does not enter into chemical combination with the starch. During the conversion the liquid is kept at the boiling point by steam pipes. Chemical tests are ap-plied at intervals to ascertain when the conversion is complete; after which the mixture is drawn off into other tanks, where the acid is neutralized with marble dust, chalk, whiting, or some form of carbonate of lime or other alkali.

"The mixture is now thin gluco syrup, but somewhat discolored, and containing certain impurities. It is cleansed and whitened by running it through cloth or canvas; then through iron tanks about thirty inches in diameter and eight or ten feet long, fil

led with bone charcoal. "The syrup is then boiled down in a large, strong tank or kettle, of iron or copper, with steam-pipes coiled inside for heating; and from this the air is exhausted by an air pump in order that less heat may be us d for the evaporating of the water from the syrup, a perature of from 100 degrees to 125 degrees F only being required, instead of 212 degrees. This economizes fuel, but it is done mainly to keep the syrup as light-colored as possibe, the higher degree of heat browning it somewhat.

between), and sometimes through bag ilters and bone chargoal filters It is now glucose syrup, ready for the market. For making grape-sugar or solid glucose, the conversion is carried somewhat further, and the syrup, after being boiled down and purified, is left to harden into sugar."

WHERE LINCOLN RESTS.

Oak Ridge Cemetery--- A Beautiful Restin Place for the Dead.

Philadelphia Times. It would be difficult to imagine a love lier spot at this season of the year than Oak Ridge, the last resting place of Abraham Lincoln. During the month of June perhaps the throng of visitors to the tomb is greater than at any other time of the year. The cemetery is now easily reached from almost any portion of the city by street cars. Visitors tak-ing the cars at the new Capitol building reach the cemetery in less than twenty minutes. Almost any day during the summer months the number of visitors at the tomb will average from 200 to 500 persons. Excursionists from differ-ent parts of the West visit the Capitol, the one great object of their pligrimage being to gaze upon the monument of the illustrious dead. Pienic parties from different parts of the State visit the Park and Ridge daily, and it is no unusual thing to see the lunch baskets of nearly 2,000 people when the railroads pour in some of their largest excursions, as was often the case during July and August last summer.

After leaving the park the ridge is reached by a short walk, in which the visitor is compelled to desend a number of wooden steps, with here and there a level piece of ground, and which affords shorter intervals of rest when ascending the steps from the ravine below, after returning from a visit to the tomb. Entering the cemetery the visitor reads over the gateway of a very plain wooden your houses lest the sun should fade construction the inscription. 'Oak Ridge construction the inscription, 'Oak Ridge Cemetery.' At the gate stands a well-augh should shake down a few of the dressed man, who has officiated for old cobwebs that are hanging some years as a sort of sentry or over-Young people must have fun seer, whose duty seems to be to see that and relaxation somewhere: if they do no drunken characters drive in, and to was consigned to the tomb, would now etery is the property of a stock company of Springfield, who a few years before 'You chase a street car, and t the war purchased the property at a

rather cheap figure.

The visitor to the tomb of Lincoln tomb a most beautiful landscape is spread before the visitor, and through So many people, in looking at my the rich foliage of the magnificent trees here and there are dotted the tombstones are so many trusses and such large of many of Lincoln's earlier friends, who the rich foliage of the magnificent trees you never thought of it. flowers in a truss?" In purchasing a new geranium I always examine the flowers closely. In order to give you perfect satisfaction it should have a talents. Grand, gloomy and sublime is the sight before us, with nothing to man averages ten chews per day, each one averages ten chews per day, each one consumes 15 minutes per day in feeling the second pocket. Here are 45,000,000

> walls hang the official condolence of the various crowned heads of Europe, forwarded at the time when a thrill of horror ran through the land at the terrible tragedy enacted. In glass cases are struments, axes, pieces of rails split by the President when a young man in Illinois. The tools used by the desperadoes who attempted to rob the tomb years ago, copies of the President's biography, written by himself, photographs of the lamented dead, of his old home in Springfield and his tomb are what mostly interests the visitor. there are many other articles in the considerable sum of money must be realized-more than sufficient to pay the Monumental Association at the end

of each year a handsome surplus. Among the visitors at the tomb at all sensons of the year are members of the colored race, who seem to flock in almost countless numbers from all parts of the country to kneel at the shrine of the man who did so much for their own

Night at Pompeli.

On to Pompeli in the clear sunset, falling very lightly upon mountains, islands, little ports, and indentation of the bay. From the railway station we walked above half a mile to the Albergo del Sole under a lucid heaven of aqua-marine color, with Venus large in it upon the border line between the tints of green and blue. The Albergo del Sole worth commemorating. We stepped. without intervention of courtyar entrance hall, straight from the little nn garden into an open vaulted room. This was divided into two compartment by a stout column supporting round arches. Wooden grates furnished a kind of fence between the atrium and what an old Pompeian would have styled In the further part a table was laid

for supper and lighted with suspended lamps. And here a party of ar-tists and students drank and talked and smoked. A great live pea-cock, half asleep and winking his eyes, sat perched upon a heavy wardrobe watching them. The outer chamber, where we waited in arm-chairs of ample girth, had its loggia windows and doors open to the air. . There were singing-birds in cages, and plants of rosemary, 'ris and arundo sprang care lessly from holes in the floor. A huge rase filled to overdowing with orange and lemons, the very symbol of gener ous prodigality, stood in the midst, and several dogs were lounging round. The outer twilight, blending with the dim sheen of the lamps, softened this pretty

scene to picturesqueness. Altogether i was a strange and unexpected place. Much experienced as the nineteenth century nomad may be in inns, he will rarely receive a more powerful and refreshing impression, entering one at even-fall, than here. There was no room for us in the inn. We were sent, atdegree of heat browning it somewhat. tended by a boy with a lantern, through After boiling down it is put through a fields of dew-drenched barley and fold-not by his occasional exertions, but by 'press filter' (sheets of metal with cloth ed poppies, to a farm-house overshad-the doings of his ordinary life.

owed by four spreading pines. Exceedingly soft and gray, with rose-tinted weft of steam upon its summit, stood Vesuvius above us in the twilight something in the recent impression o the dimly-lighted supper-room, and in the dyllic simplicity of this lantern-litten journey through the barley, sug-gested, by one of those inexplicable stirrings of association which affect tired senses, a dim, dreamy thought of Pal estine and Bible stories.

The feeling of the cenacolo blent here with feelings of Ruth's corn-fields, and the white square houses, with their flat roofs, enforced the illusion. Here we slept in the middle of a contadino colony Some of the fold had made way for us and by the wheezing, coughing and snoring of several sorts and ages in the chamber next me, I imagine they must have endured considerable crowding. My bed was large enough to have con tained a family. Over its head there was a little shrine, hollowed in the thickness of the wall, with several sacred emblems and a shallow case of he water. On dressers at each end of the room stood glass shrines, occupied y finely-dressed Madonna dolls and oots of artificial flowers. Above the doors St. Michael and St. Francis roughly embossed in low relief and boldly painted, gave dignity and grand

cur to the walls These showed some sense for art in the first builders of the house. But the taste of the inhabitants could not be praised. There were countless gaudy prints of saints, and exactly five pictures of the Bambino, very big and ing in a field alone. A creuifix, some old bottles, a gun, old clothes suspended from pegs, pieces of peasant pottery and china completed the furniture of the apartment. But what a view it showed when Christian next morning opened the door. From my bed I looked across the red-tiled terrace to the stone pipes with their velvet roofage and ne-peaked hills of Stablic. The Cornhill Magazine.

A Sermon on the Wharf.

seer, whose duty seems to be to see that no drunken characters drive in, and to prevent, as far as possible, any disorderly conduct on the grounds. Passing to the right is the Sxton's house, and here is kent the cometery register, where the is kept the cemetery register, where the visitor records his name. Each year suffer with the crowd and the jam. burn brightly at night in winter, and let the doors and windows be cheer-let the doors and windows be cheer-fully thrown open in summer, and has added new beauty and improvement what idiots! I cat an onion five minto Oak Ridge, and the visitor who en- utes before going on board, and, as a all those little arts that parents so well tered the gates upon that memorable result, have two chairs to sit on, while understand. Do not repress the buoyant April day when the lamented President you have to stand up. I enjoy the you have to stand up. I enjoy the same cool breezes, see the same scenery nerriment within doors, and merriment hardly recognize the place. The cent- and come home refreshed and serene

"You chase a street car, and then stand up after you get in. Do I? Never! When I want a car, I fall lame. The driver stops short on seeing my condition ingers as if in a dream. From the and I no sooner enter a carthan some one gives me a seat. It's only the difference between a walk and a limp, and yet

"Most men who use tobacco carry of many of Lincoln's earlier friends, who knew him years ago as a struggling pocket. When feeling for it they involved him better him by the potential pocket. I the immense volumes of heavy black minutes per day lost and sone. Has Yansmoke, pulling and escaping from the kee genius never sought to save these high smokestack of a lager beer brewery precious hours and days and weeks? It into the cemetery. The busy traffic in the beverage is going on night and day. substitute is a giass box suspended to The custodian of the monument is the neck by a string. It is in sight, John W. Powell, a nice-looking old gentleman, who, it will be remembered, can be seen without opening it.

bare of the monument. Here upon the and when through tell the man he must either pump me out or let me go.

"When you want a lunch ; pay from 30 to 75 cents. Do I? Not by a hatful of hornets! I rush in, rattle the keys and nails in my pocket, fill up, contained other memories of Lincoln's and then softly remark that I'm ready earlier life, in the shape of surveying inwould raise a row, drive away custom, and give the place a bad name.

"If you rent a house you must pay the rent. If I rent one I have one of the children rubbed with croton oil, and the owner pays me to move out for fear of the smallpox. If you ride in a hack you must pay. If I ride in one I become insane, and the driver is glad enough to there are many other articles in the memorial room. A small price of admission is charged to enter the memorial chamber, and from this source a good money after bad. When you want clothes you must come down. When I want 'ein I tind some drunkard aslee; the custodian for his services, and leave the Monumental Association at the end chough to believe that philosophy and broadcloth go hand in hand, and that wit and genius move only in good society.

The Recreations of School Children.

In choosing the mode of a child's recreations, it should be borne in mind that their main purpose is to restore the tone of the mind and its harmony with the physical instincts by supplying the chief deficiencies of our ordinary ployment. For a hard-working blacksmith, fun, pure and simple, would be sufficient pastime, while brain workkers need a recreation that combines amusement with physical exercise—the unloosening of the brain fiber with the tension of the muscles. Emulation and the presence of relatives and schoolmates impart to competative gymnastics a charm which a spirited boy would not exchange for the passive pleasure of witnessing the best circus-performance. Wrestling, lance-throwing, archery, bass-ball and a well contested foot-race, can awaken the enthusiasm of a Greeian palastra, and professional gymnasts will take the same delight in the equally healthful though less dramatic trials of strength at the horizontal bar. But, on the play-ground, such exercises should be divested from the least appearance of being a task-even children cannot be

happy on compulsion.

There is also too much in-door and in-town work about the present life of our schoolboys. Encourage their love of the woods; let us make holidays a synonym of pienic excursions, and en-large the definition of camp-meetings; of all the known modes of inspiration, forest air and the view of a beautiful landscrpe are the most impressive, especially from a moral standpoint, being never followed by a splenetic reaction.

A ramble in the depths of a pathless forest, or on the heights of an Alpenland. between rocks and lonely mountain-meadows, open well-springs of life unknown to the prisoners of the city tene ments.

If you hate your enemies you will centract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are

indifferent to you.

THE WORLD FOR SALE.

A TRANSLATION PROM THE GERMAN. The world for sale! the world for sale Call every traveler here to me; Who'll buy this real estate of mine,

And set me from life's bondage free! Here's wealth in countless heaps of gold-Who'll bid!-but let me tell you fair, A baser lot was never sold:

Who'll buy this glittering heap of care And here-stretched out in long domain A goodly landscape all may trace; Hall, village, cottgge, hill, and plain Who'll buy himself-a burial-place?

Here's Love, the dreamy potent spell Which Beauty flings around the heart; Who knows his power but knows too well That Love and he, alas! must part.

And Friendship! rarest gem on earth: Who e'er has called the lewel his? False, fickle, frail, and little worth; Who'll bid for Friendship-as it is

Sweet star of Hope, with ray to shine In every sad forboding breast-E'en in this saddest one of mine-Who'll bid for man's last friend and best;

DUCAL BLOOD.

Romatic Story of the Duke of Sutherland's Mother.

following: the present duke, at one time mistress ever fashionable. of the robes to Queen Victoria, which is not a little remarkable and which I is not a little remarkable and which I young woman has unquestionably, is have every reason except personal that nearly every young woman is about as much of a fright as she is. Co-operawas in substance as follows:

somewhat prominently in connection with the parliamentary treatment of the existing Irish land troubles. Mrs. Eastman being very ill and not expecting to live, allowed her cousin. Lady Bessborough, to take her infant child, Harriet Elizabeth, with the understanding that she would give itthe acre that its mother could not give it then. After a long illness Mrs. Eastman recovered, but when she called upon Lady Bessborough to return the child, she was imformed that it had died at the Isle of Wight, where she had taken it.

Mrs. Eastman did not doubt the story children that were born to her Harriet transferred by Lady Besshorough to the color in the whole toilette being given basel of Carliste and adopted by him as his own child, and had just then married in the corsage. the Duke of Sutherland. Mrs. Peterson added that Lady Bessborough had adhad done. Before anything further was mere. Those who prefer silk to linen The next that was known in the Eastman family in respect to the matter was washes well, is soft and pliable, and at that the Duke or Duchess of Sutherland the same time strong. sent a Dr. Lee, of London, to offer Mr. Eastman such a farm as he might select.

conditions and died poor. Such are the leading points of this story. Why Lady Bessborough should or dark Jacqueminot buds. give away a child she had used such own, could not be explained by my in-formant; but she told her story straight, and related so many little incidents in connection with it that it was difficult to doubt that she was narrating veritable history. She had in her possession a picture which closely resembled herself, and which was a likeness of the late Duchess.

The two were sisters, both being daughters of Farmer Eastman. By all accounts the Duchess was a good and noble woman, possessing the respect and love of all who knew her, either personally or by reputation, and the same thing can be said of my informant, who is known to be of unimpeachable respectability, and who in any event had nothing to gain by giving false information. The personal habits and tastes of the present Duke tend to confirm the story. He is a plain man of democratic instincts, and with great passion for machinery, and particularly locomotive engineering. It will be re-membered that while he was visiting Geor e W. Childs in Philadelphia, h induced the latter to accompany him in a railroad ride on the front of a locomotive; and a friend of thine, an English man, tells me that once, being on a visit to a new English ship whose machinery had some notable features, he stumbled in the bowels of the vessel across a man wearing a rusty blouse, and whose face and hands showed that he had been hard at work in connection with the engine and that the man, looking outwardly very much like a skillful mechanic, was the Duke of Sutherland. Often in England, I am told, the Duke runs a local motive engine, just as other fine folk of that sort drive a four-in-hand.

The Young Woman's Front Hair.

There is no season of the year when young woman doesn't have all the trouble with her front hair that anybody ought to have with anything in this world, but in the soft summer weather the management of the front hair, or bangs, or frizzes, or whatever it may called, is quite too awfully discouraging for anything. During the cold and solid weather a young lady's hair will stay anywhere she may put it; she may even hang it over the gas fixtures or on the towel rack and it will remain as complacently and unruffled as may be desired. The bandolining compounds know their place in the winter time and maintain their dignity. They can always be relied upon. But when the warm weather comes it is different. All front hair melts down as everything else melts. The bandolining glue won't hang together, and the young woman who goes out in good order, has no idea where she will find the most of her nice frizzes and bangs an hour hence. They plicity.

her tooly melted and run all around her forly meted that and into her eyes, and scattered that and into her eyes, and generally given toward her ears, and ble look which isn't pay wild and horrible look which is a fright; she says so thousand she is a fright; she says so thousand times a day. She goes around in arch of mirrors to see just how awfully awful she does appear, and pulls away at her hair until she gets it exactly where she doesn't want it, and goes riding ome in the street-car with an unnatural x citement about her, cheeks flushed. and knowing perfectly well that every-body is wondering what is the matter. This is a very severe trial to a young woman, but she endures it with a forti-

tude that would give way at the sight of a mouse. Anybody would suppose that one day's experience of this thing would be enough. But don't for a moment deceive yourself with the notion that it is. No sooner does she escape from the public in this melted and demoralized condition than she makes arrangements to go through it all again. She pastes her front hair in place with a patience and skill which would win her fame if devoted to some durable work; she wraps an old and faded veil about her head to keep the pasted fragments in place while in the finally she goes out again, knowing as well as she knows anything—which is sometimes suspected to be not very much—that in a very short time she will be in a state of trouble and confusion about that front hair, as she has The New York correspondent of the been many, many times before. Hartford Conrant is responsible for the young women will go on doing this as long as it is the fashion. It never oc-The Duke of Sutherland, with his curs to them to do a sensible or a neat party, among which Dr. Russell of Bull and tasteful thing in the way of fixing Run fame was included, sailed from the hair unless it is the fashion for them this city for England a few days ago. I to do so: and sadly enough it must be have heard a story about the mother of said that anything so sensible is hardly said that anything so sensible is hardly

The consolation which any suffering knowledge, to believe to be true. The as much of a fright as she is. Co-operastory, which has never been in tive misery, so to say, is always the more vas in substance as follows:

The Duchess of Sutherland (that is being who goes where young women the mother of our recent visitor) is re-corded in "Burke's Peerage" as being convinced, however, of the great need the third daughter of the sixth Earl of of some device which shall in some Carlisle, but she was in fact the daugh- measure mitigate the horrors of the ter of Samuel Eastman, a comparative-ly poor man, who lived in the suburb of London known as Battersea, and who was for many years beadle of the Bat- troys the prettiest pictures of the drawtersea parish church. He was of good ing-room and the promenade. There English farmer stock, but his wife was can be no real happiness until front of more gentle blood, and was a cousin hair has been educated to stay where it of Lady Bessborough, who was well is put at all seasons of the year, or unhair has been educated to stay where it known in her time, about 1800 to 1820, til young women have been educated and one of whose relatives has figured not to put it where it is impossible to

expect it to stay. Pashion Notes.

A novelty in in.ported dresses is the use of large pins of gilt or oxidized silver, shaped like huge hairpins, for securing the drapery of wollen dresses, such as dark-blue nun's veiling or porcelain-blue camel's hair. Smaller pins, shaped like nail heads flattened, are then thrust into the searf drapery on the wrists of the sleeves, in the belt, and are also used to close the front of the

dress like buttons. Spanish lace dresses have short skirts at the time, and she named the two next and are entirely white; they are work at day receptions with white Panama and Elizabeth respectively. Many years bonnets or round hats that may have afterward, Lady Bessborough being colored plumes and colored velvet dead, a Mrs Peterson, her lady's maid, pleated in the brim, but are also seen informed Mrs. Eastman that her child not only had not died, but had been ish lace and searf mantles, the only

Colored underskirts are no longer fashionable on the other side of the water. jured her on her death bed to inform her cousin of the fact, and to do what the short petticoat. The correct long she could to repair the wrong that she underskirt is of black silk or black eashfor underclothing will find the late re vival, spun silk, very desirable, as it

Black Spanish lace fans of circular shape are made up over a stiff foundation and an income for life, if he would not that is pleated in the center, and fastenlay claim to the Duchess as his daugh- ed to a thick handle wrapped with ter; but the old man had more pride ribbons. A bunch of natural flowers is than policy, refused the offer on those the prettiest trimming for such a fan, though they are usually provided with artificial clusters of Marshal Neil roses

A white Spanish lace polonaise abundeception to secure, or why the Earl of dantly trimmed with lace and white Carlisle should have made the chilt his moire ribbon bows is a beautiful dress cover to wear with white skirts of satin surah, white moire, gauze, or nun's veiling.

> Searfs of colored surah for the neck have square ends of white or of ecru vermicelle lace, embroidered with gay silks in pretty designs of baskets holding flowers, butterflies and birds' nests. Black and white striped satin flounces covering the entire skirt are worn with a basque and over-dress of black Spanish net, edged with black Spanish lace laid over the white lace. Pocket handkerehiefs for day use have

a narrow hem of porcelain blue or of dark red, and sometimes the entire center is in small blocks of eeru with The Bengaline or Victoria silks, rep-

ped like Cicilienne, and as soft as Surah. are lovely fabrics for summer evening dresses. A pendant pocket of white satin

Spanish lace is hung by ivory white ribbons to the belt to be worn with evening dresses. Eeru lace mitts and dark tan-colored mitts in the closely woven silk Margue-

rite patterns, are worn with black A very large Alsatian bow of dark red plush, held by a gilt ornament, is worn in the hair with morning toilettes. The chine figured satin Surahs are

very beautiful for full dress toilettes. The Medicis puff for the neck is newer than the ruff. Polite to Waiters.

Pall Mall Gazette. A correspondent writes from North fermany: "I drew attention some time Germany: "I drew attention some time since to the extreme politeness now shown to waiters and servants generally n France; what was my surprise on revisiting Germany after many years' absence to find a similar reformation in manners. I could hardly believe my ears when, instead of the contemptuous and odious "du," I heard a waiter addressed as Herr Ober-kellner, and a housemaid (of hotel) as "Fraulein." This politeness is now exacted indeed, and if you address a head-waiter as "kellner." he pays no more attention than if Mr. Smith was addressed as Mr. Brown. Such outward civility toward domestic servants indicates radical changes, more consideration toward them, greater self-respect among themselves, and many other improvements. Let English travellers, therefore, be on their guard, for any failing here is so down as bad maners, and no amount of trinkgled will atone for haughtiness or incivility toward their so-called "inferiors."

Keep thyself simple, good, pure, kind, and affectionate. Make thyself all sim-